

73

# Stephen Colledge's GHOST TO THE FANATICAL CABAL.

*A Popish Libel  
15. Sept. 1681.*

From the unfathom'd Bowels of those cells,  
Where death and everlasting horror dwells,  
I come with timely notice to prevent  
A restless and eternal discontent,  
Least you (my once belov'd) too late repent.  
What e're the great designing *Grandees* said,  
My willing soul officiously obey'd,  
I was an active *Puppet* and was proud,  
To squeak out *Treason* to the listening *Crab*,  
Whilst *S*— behind the *Curtain* fate,  
And taught my busie babling tongue to prate,  
But now my *Quondam Tutor* give that o're,  
And trust your vain projecting head no more;  
Though with *deliberation* you assayl,  
Think how the *Silver Slime* betrays the *Snail*.  
Tell Dr. *Titus* and without offence  
To his *imaginary Reverence*.  
'Twere better that the truth had been expos'd  
As naked as himself and as disclos'd:  
It was imprudence in him and a freak  
To stretch the *Plot* so far to make it break.  
Poor Implement to some designing head,  
And then by fairer promises betray'd.  
Let *M*— curb ambition least it grow,  
And only swell him high to hurl him low,  
The Eagles lawful brood can only gaze  
Like unconcern'd *Spectators* at the *Rayes*,  
Too weak his eyes, his countenance too down  
To look against the Lustre of a Crown.  
Now for the scribbling *Tribe*, my last advice  
Is seasonable Caution to be nice,  
Too boldly in their function they transgress,  
Too fatally Licentious is the *Press*.  
The giddy and believing *Rout* they please  
With *Mercuries* and *Impartialities*,  
Whilst into the unpleasant *Dose* is thrown  
*Protestancy* to make the *Cup* go down;  
I fill'd a *Bumper* to the *Rising Sun*,  
And drank *Sedition* till I was undone.

But now my conscious soul repines in vain,  
Repentance only aggravates the pain,  
The fatal Doom can never be retriev'd,  
Murther may sooner hope to be repriev'd.  
How durst these parched Lips pronounce such  
Against the best & worthiest of Kings? (things  
I must that sacrilegious Arm condemn,  
Dares spoile his temples of the *Diadem*,  
That Ornament was Heavens sole gift, & why  
Did we *Supream Authority* deny?  
With what ill *Genius* were we possess'd  
To force his Royal Brother from his breast;  
No sooner we *Petition'd*, but he'd give;  
Till we incroach'd upon *Prerogative*,  
Then when he saw what *Mysteries* were meant,  
He, tender of his honour, did resent;  
And pull'd our *Battel Architecture* down,  
Erected in defiance to his Crown. (Skie,  
But hold, approaching day peeps through the  
And whispers to the guilty Ghosts to fly.  
My date of time's expir'd, and I must go,  
The *Cock* with his *third Summons* tells me so:  
Now must I stalk and like a *Goblin* rove  
Through wayless paths and melancholy Groves  
Down to the deep *Abyss* where discord reigns,  
And Treasons punish'd with eternal pains.  
There, no kind *Ignoramus* can restore  
My drooping *Virals* and allay the sore,  
Instead of *Acclamations* and applause  
Which my attempting rashness us'd to cause  
Nought but the Yells of furies now I hear,  
And crawling *Snakes* shall hourly hiss despair.  
This, this will be your Doom if you proceed,  
Your *Polliticks* will fail you when you need,  
Divine severity must be your fate  
With a *Relentless Never* for the *Date*.

FINIS.